

The Indianapolis American

A NEWS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.--NO. 25.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 1273.

POETRY.

THE FOURTH MARCH.

"Blood are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."
I saw him--he had come
From his distant home
To the West
A flagging purse he showed,
And in the latest mode
He was dressed.
His face was all a smile,
And he talked all the while
How he had been
Such an interest in the late
Session of his State
For old Buck.
He'd always felt the time
Of party--let it rise,
Let it fall.
'Twas not for the reward
That he had worked so hard;
Not still.
But office he could bear,
As the brave soldier's wear
Respect;
Which he had won, you know,
And to the public show
What he was.

STORY.

The Portsmouth Journal perpetrates the following:
The author of quaint Uncle Sam
Has gone to Rome, you know,
And with special favor crowned,
He greets the Papal throne.
On international courtesy
The shaves of Peace do grow--
So sending down the triple crown
To Israel's scepter's bow.

SWEETNESS.

'Tis sweet to lie upon a downy bed
When mind and body are with sleep oppressed;
'Tis sweet, attentively to note the red
And every hue that the sun-god's rays
Sweat upon the throbbing, aching head
Upon the loving one's sweet and faithful breast
Sweet to smile a smile that is not feigned
The latest wreath and sweet to peck "him."

LITTLE GRAVES.

We find the following beautiful little gem
floating about, uncredited from exchange--
There's many a vacant cradle,
There's many an empty bed;
There's many a lonely house,
Where joy and light have fled;
For think of every graveyard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

THE SECOND WIFE.

They told me he had won love
Another heart to add to his
And his first and earliest love
Upon an earlier shrine.
They said my spirit must grieve,
If I myself would not
With one who held no sacred still
Remembrance of the past.
I heeded not--my mark was launched
With his, on life's wide sea,
And every sail was eager to
Than, once--Stagnant will.
I know that he has loved and lost
What life may never give back,
The flowers that bloom in freshness once,
Have withered on his track.
I know that the angel called,
Looks out from his blue heaven,
A watcher o'er the earth's best men
From which her own was true.
Together do we dwell
This dream of earth and years,
Nor do I love him less to know
He once had cause for tears.

A Good Story.

THE
STOLEN NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

What seems to me the most remarkable phase of villainy is that a man, himself wealthy, can find it in his heart to plunder the poor of earnings of long and weary years. When the rich rob the rich, it seems not half so wicked as when a man of humble means is deprived of his humble sustenance. I have often seen the entire property of individuals swept away by a single stroke of ill-fortune; and more than once have I seen a man who thought he had a competence, ruined in a single day by some villain.
The instance which I am about to relate, though happily the designs of the robber were frustrated, is one of this character, where an unscrupulous person designed to send misery and ruin to the family of an humble mechanic.
Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.
He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down, and securing the balance by a mortgage to the seller.
The mortgage note was almost due at the time when the circumstances occurred which made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But

Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money, and there seemed no possibility of any accident.
I always bought my hats of Wallace, and am free to say that they were the best hats the city afforded. I had also done some little collecting and drawn up some legal documents for him.
One day his daughter, Annie, came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.
"Perhaps not Miss Wallace," I replied, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect.
"You know my father, Mr. Dock-ett?"
"I do, very well."
"You know his infirmity?"
"I do, I am sorry for him. There is not a more honest or better disposed man in the city of Boston than your father."
"He is very good and kind to us all, but--"
"I hope his infirmity does not render him troublesome at home?"
"No, sir; but people take advantage of him."
"What has happened?"
"He had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live--but it is all gone now."
"Gone?"
"Yes."
"Lost?"
"I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."
"Who is Bryce?"
"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and is Mr. Bryce's clerk."
The poor girl blushed when she mentioned the clerk's name, and it did not require much penetration for me to discover that he was her lover.
"Well, does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"
"He has paid it."
"What is the trouble then?"
"My father says he has not paid it!"
"Indeed! but the note will be evidence that he has not paid it. Of course you have the note?"
"No."
"Who has it?"
"Mr. Bryce."
"Then of course he has paid it."
"I suppose so, or he could not have had the note."
"What does your father say?"
"He is positive he has never received the money. The mortgage must be paid to-morrow."
"Very singular, indeed. Was your father--"
I hesitated to use that unpleasant word I knew must have grated harshly upon the ear of that devoted girl.
"Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, tho' not very bad."
"I will see your father."
"He is coming here in a few minutes; I thought I would just see you, and tell you the facts before he got here."
"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money."
"Nor I."
"Where did your father keep the note?"
"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."
"Did you give it to your father again?"
"No."
"Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?"
"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."
"Have you ever seen it since it was placed there?"
"No."
"Has your father?"
"He says he has not."
"Very remarkable."
"It is indeed; I know my father would not tell a lie about it. But he might have taken it out when he did not know what he was about."
"Very likely; but he was in a condition to take it out at all, he could understand what he was about."
"I should think so."
"What kind of a man is this Mr. Bryce?"
"I don't know; George--that is, George Chandler likes him very well, only he says he is very close-fisted."
The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effect of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.
"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he, in a sad, dispirited tone.
"She has," I replied.
I pitied the poor fellow, for the two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune one must undergo to appreciate.
Besides, Wallace was an honest man, and a person of fine feelings. Liquor only made him more free and generous, it only seemed to intensify the peculiarities of his nature. De Quincy says that men are not distinguished by liquor; on the contrary most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when drinking that men display their true complexion of character.
Wallace, when tipsy, was never more truly himself--he was himself intensified--his good and evil traits were ten times more vigorous than when he was sober. I liked the man, and pitied him greatly in his present distress.
"What do you think about it?" he asked gloomily.
"I don't know what to think."

"I confess I had been drinking when I went to his office at the time he says he paid me. And with the help of God I will never let another drop pass my lips."
He spoke with earnestness, and when he uttered the name of God, it was reverently spoken, with his eyes raised to heaven.
"A wise resolution, but I fear it has come too late."
"I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at the time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed every moment of the time."
"What passed between you on that day?"
"Well, I merely stepped into his office--it was only day before yesterday--to tell him not to forget to have my money ready for me to-morrow."
"What did he say?"
"He took me into his back office, and I sat there for some time."
"What did he say?"
"He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed that he was going to pay me then."
"What does the clerk say?"
"He says that Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me with the money."
"Just so."
"And when George returned, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me."
"Had you the note with you?"
"No; now I remember; he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay me. He told me to come in the next day, and he would have it ready for me, that was yesterday."
"Well?"
"When I came to look for the note, it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over, but could find nothing of it."
"You told Bryce so?"
"I did; he laughed, and showed me the note, with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."
"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he has paid you the money, as he alleges, or obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."
"He has never paid me," replied he, firmly.
"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note."
"Yes."
"What sort of a person is this George Chandler who boards with you?"
"A fine young man. Bless you! he would not do any thing of the kind!"
"I am sure he wouldn't," repeated Annie, earnestly.
"How else could Bryce have obtained the note but through him?"
"I don't know."
"What time does he generally come in of nights?"
"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," replied Wallace.
"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay at the office to post the books, or something of that kind."
"How did he get in?"
"He has a night key."
"I must see Chandler."
"I hope you don't think he had anything to do with it."
"I cannot tell. I should like to see him."
"He is innocent, I am sure!" said Annie.
"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace. "I will go for him immediately."
In a few minutes he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself to be ready to do anything to forward my views.
"What time did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked with the intention of sounding him a little.
"About twelve."
"Twelve?" said Annie. "It was not more than ten o'clock. I heard you."
"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.
"I certainly heard some one in the front room at that time," added Annie, looking with astonishment at the group around her.
"We are getting at something," I said, laughing. How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"
"I did not tell you about it," said he, "for I was afraid it would make you nervous, and perhaps get an honest man into trouble. I lost my night key."
"Eh?"
"I lost my night key."
"Go on, sir."
"I began to be deeply interested. A watchman happened along. I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, he placed it against one of the second story windows, and got in that way."
"Good; now who was it you heard at twelve o'clock?"
"Wallace looked at Annie, and she looked at her lover.
"Who was it?"
"It was Bryce!" I replied. "You may depend upon it!"
"The villain!" exclaimed Wallace, taking it for granted.
"He is mean enough to do such a thing," added young Chandler, warmly.
"When you lost your night key, he

found it. Where did you keep it, Mr. Chandler?"
"In the pocket of my outside coat."
"Exactly so?"
"I wrote a lawyer's letter--a demand against you, &c.--which was immediately sent to Bryce."
"Cautioning the parties not to speak of the matter, I dismissed them."
"Bryce came."
"Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked stiffly.
"A claim on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking my hand over papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.
"Paid it!" said he, as short as a pike-stick.
"Have you?" said I, looking him in the eye, as sharp as I could possibly bring my optics to bear upon him.
"He turned pale, and his lips quivered."
"What do you mean, sir?"
"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."
It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.
"I have paid the note, I tell you," he whined.
"No words!"
"But listen to reason."
"I will listen to nothing."
"I have the note."
"How did you get it?"
"Why, of course when I paid the note."
"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night before last, February 20, at 10 o'clock, and took the note from the secretary."
"You have no proof, stammered he, grasping the back of his chair for support.
"That's my lookout. I have no time to waste; will you pay, or go to jail?"
"I will pay; for though what you say is true, I should not care to be accused of stealing a note."
"He drew the check for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me to say nothing about it, as he tho't it might injure his reputation, he sneaked off."
"I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover."
"Wallace insisted that I should take the hundred dollars for my services, but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty."
"Wallace kept his promise, and over after a temperance man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife."

MISCELLANY.

THE TORN POCKET.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"My dear," said Mr. Huston to his young wife, as he rose from his breakfast table, "I wish you would mend my overcoat pocket. The day is pleasant, so that I can leave the coat off without inconvenience."
"Very well, my love," was the reply, and a moment after the front door closed on the husband, who departed to the store, where he filled the place of a responsible clerk.
Mrs. Huston rose to attend to her domestic affairs, and in so doing soon forgot the torn coat pocket. About noon she had finished her work, and having a spare hour before dinner, sat down and took up a late novel. In this way she continued to overlook the torn pocket until the meal was over, and her husband had again left the house, when going to look for the overcoat, she found that Mr. Huston had put on the weather having grown colder.
"Oh, well, it will do to-night," said the wife. "I suppose he will scold when he finds I forgot it; but it can't be helped now."
The truth was, Mrs. Huston was called a good, easy woman; that is, she never intentionally harmed any one, but was only thoughtless and forgetful; her sins were those of omission. So she found no difficulty in dismissing all uncomfortable thoughts concerning the torn pocket, and resuming her novel, was soon deep in the miseries of the heroine.
About dusk there came a violent ring at the bell. It was a magnetic ring, as it were, and expressed anger or great tribulation, if not both. It made the somewhat nervous Mrs. Huston start with a little shriek. She stopped reading, and listened. Directly the servant opened the door, and the step of her husband was heard, but heavier and quicker than usual. Her heart unaccountably began to beat faster. "Oh dear," she cried to herself, "what can be the matter?"
She was not long left in doubt. Her husband came at once in the sitting-room, emotions of rage and suffering alternating perceptibly in his face. Frightened at demeanor so unusual, the wife looked up, her lips parted in terror, and unable even to welcome him as usual.
"See what you have done!" cried Mr. Huston, passionately taking off his overcoat, turning the torn pocket inside out, and throwing the garment into his hearer's lap; "you have ruined me with your negligence!"
"What, what have I done?" gasped his wife at last, as he sternly regarded her. "Has anything happened?"
"Anything happened! Didn't I tell you I was ruined? I've lost five hundred dollars, and been discharged because I lost it; and all because you didn't mend my pocket. Nor is it the first time as you know that you have neglected to do what you ought. You are always forgetting. I often told you, you would rue it some day."
"But how did it happen? Can nothing be done?" timidly said the wife, after a while.
"How did it happen? In the most natural way possible. I had a note to pay for the firm, and as the bank lay in this part of the town, I brought the money up to dinner, and, on going out, put it into my overcoat pocket, supposing you had mended there. When I reached the bank the money was gone. It was then nearly three o'clock. Almost frantic, I came back to within a few steps of the door, hoping to find the money on the pavement. It was madness, as I might have known; but I looked again and again, and everywhere I looked, I found it was gone. I went back to the store. But the news had preceded me. The notary had already been there to protest the note, and my employers would not hear a word of excuse. I was discharged on the spot."
As he ceased speaking he threw himself on a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. His dis-charge was, indeed, a terrible blow. Without fortune, or anything but his character to depend on, he saw, in his loss of place, and the consequent refusal of his employers to recommend him, a future full of disasters. And all for what? All because his wife could not remember the simplest duty.
"No wonder, in this hour of trouble that he turned away from her, and buried his face in his hands. No wonder he felt angrily toward her, the author of this evil."
For a while Mrs. Huston knew not what to do. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she feared to approach her husband. "He will drive me away," she said to herself. "But I have deserved it all, I have deserved it all."
At last she ventured to approach him, and at last he was induced to listen. With many tears she promised never to be negligent again, "Which she would never forget."
Nor has she forgotten it. Years have passed, and the Hustons are now comparatively well off, for after a while Mr. Huston obtained another situation, and finally became a partner in the house.
But to this day, when the wife sees either of her daughters negligent, she chides the offender to her, and tells, as a warning, the story of the torn pocket.

A SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

The following letter, which we take from the Hamilton [O.] Telegraph, will be read with interest:
Eds. Telegraph: I find among my old papers, the following letter written by Gen. Harrison himself. It may not at one time, have been intended for the public eye, but that time has passed away, and the distinguished men mentioned in the letter are dead. Both the men and scenes of that day, are now a part of the history of the country. At the date of the letter, from its tenor, it will be seen that the aspirants for the Presidency in the campaign of 1836, were arranged the preliminaries for the battle. The war cry was raised; the combat was deepening. The result of that election was, as will be remembered, the nomination and defeat of Harrison who, four years later, was elected with an avalanche of public approbation.
CINCINNATI, June 25, 1835.
DEAR SIR: I think I promised that I would write you on my return from Indiana, to inform you what were my prospects in that State. But it is unnecessary for me to do so if you have seen the manner of my reception at Vincennes, Crawfordsville, Lafayette, Indianapolis, Rushville, and Brookville. I only repeat what I was told by those who pretended to know the opinions of their neighbors when I say to you that in some of those places I did not leave a single Van Buren man except the office holders, and I personally know that this exception does not apply to one of them.
I was invited to many other places, but the Court of this county, of which I have the honor to be Clerk, being about to commence its session, I was obliged to decline accepting them. With the exception of that at Brookville, at none of the public dinners was the subject of the Presidency alluded to, and I requested that it might not be done at that place also, but I was over-ruled.
Upon the whole, you may rely upon it, that in the event of my being the candidate, I might if it were allowable carry a surplus vote of twenty or thirty thousand votes to the other States. The Vincennes Gazette, the Crawfordsville Record, Rushville Herald, Lafayette Free Press, and the Brookville American will immediately hoist my standard. Their editors only wished to give me a little law as the fox hunters say, before they do so. The Indianapolis Journal is timorous, but its judgement and feelings are entirely with me. It has its eye upon your Journal or the Gazette at this place. Why, will you ask, does not the latter move? I will answer that there is no accounting for the whims of Hammon. I arrived here last Tuesday, and the next day he told me that he was convinced that the time had arrived for him to declare himself, and that he was going to do so. It is not yet done, and tho' I have seen him daily since, he has made no explanation of his delay. He is decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Webster can get none of the Western States. We have, however, a man who affects to differ from every body else, and who, I believe, in the habit of feeding Webster's hopes with an assurance of success. I allude to Mr. Conover, who, with me, I believe, a desire to do right, is about as often wrong as it was his desire to do so. Confined in his conversation and acquaintance exclusively to professional men, to use a vulgar Western phrase, has not begun to know, anything of the character of the Western people. Because he meets with intelligent and liberal men who, contemplating the splendor of Mr. Webster's talents and the recent services he has rendered the country by his defence of the Constitution, forget his early errors, and particularly those in relation to the war, persuade himself that such is the general feeling towards him. Nothing however is more erroneous. There were, from first to last, from the States of Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, not less than thirty thousand men in the field. Most of them are now alive and the greater part of those who are dead have children, and for their relations, who have heard the stories of their services and sufferings [real or imaginary] repeated a thousand times.
Now if we were to take the county of -- in the State of Kentucky, which, I believe, furnished the greater portion of the militia and volunteers in the late war, and bring the whole population together, and let H. Clay mount the stump, and describe Webster such as he deserves to be and as he now is, whatever impression he might make upon them, it would all be rendered unavailing, if one were to read the people the list of votes given by Mr. W. against the measures for the prosecution of the late war, such as they appeared in a late Carlele [Pa.] paper. If, at the conclusion, they did not raise the wail for the killer of Tecumseh, I will then tell them that I know nothing of the character of the Western people.
At the same time that I acknowledge the superiority of Mr. Webster's talents, I will not admit that he could conduct the government better than I could. I make this remark with reference to two particulars only, but which are important, and in which I would have the decided advantage. 1st. There are several of the members of the Union, who, as I believe, do not serve in Mr. Webster's Cabinet, that would in mine, solely on the ground of my greater age and older rank in the Republican party.
2d. If Mr. W. would receive the support of the wise and intelligent of the party, so would I, [with the assistance of several of the members of the Union, who, as I believe, do not serve in Mr. Webster's Cabinet, that would in mine, solely on the ground of my greater age and older rank in the Republican party.]
I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, W. H. HARRISON.

A LETTER FROM JUDGE DRUMMOND.

Sir: A valued friend of mine has just presented me an extract of a communication from FERDINAND LITTLE, of Great Salt Lake City, which made its appearance in some one of the New-York papers in which this high functionary of Mormonism, this Elder of the Latter Days, this member of the "quorum" of the seven, this spiritual brother-in-law of Gov. BRIGHAM YOUNG, this foot, agent and abettor in the blackest crimes that the malignant heart of man can conceive, has had the church duty to perform in denying the allegations in my communications to Attorney-General BLACK. In the first place he asserts that the books and records were not destroyed. I assert that they were. Mr. LITTLE well knew it at the time of that black outrage, and that in his capacity of Elder he sat in judgment on certain members of the church and cut them off, for the reason that they expressed a degree of dissatisfaction at that high-handed outrage of the High Priesthood of Mormonism.
Again he asserts that at the time that he left Salt Lake there were no persons in the Penitentiary of Utah save three Indians, who were convicted in A. D. 1854. This I assert, is gratuitous and unmitigated falsehood, and well-known by Mr. LITTLE; and that there were at least four young men in the Utah Penitentiary who were convicted and confined by Elias Smith, the Probate Justice of Great Salt Lake City and County, in March, A. D. 1856, and severely sentenced for fourteen, sixteen and eighteen months; and that, too, without those men having committed any criminal act known to the law books save the Mormon Priesthood, and that they were in the Penitentiary when he left Salt Lake City, and that he knew the fact.
Again I assert that a man by the name of LEWIS was tried and convicted before GEORGE PROCTOR, Probate Judge of Manti County, in December last, for assault and battery, and put in the Penitentiary of Utah for five years' time, and that before he was incarcerated in prison that he had been convicted by a Mormon mob, all of which Mr. LITTLE well knew and no doubt had an active hand in this bloody outrage.
Again, he asserts that he never heard anything of the murder of the dumb boy, Whitehouse, by the English Doctor named BAKER. I assert that Mr. LITTLE's connection with that band of Church-licensed pirates and murderers well-known as Danites or Destroying Angels, is such as to keep him fully and promptly posted in all the nefarious acts of the Church and in this case in particular, that he well knew that BAKER was tried and should have been hung for one of the most brutal murders ever committed by the hand of man; that the Judge did him guilty of murder in the second degree, and that he, BAKER, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years; was started to the Penitentiary in care of Deputy-Marshal ANSON CALL, on Wednesday, and was promptly pardoned by Gov. YOUNG without ever seeing the side of the Penitentiary. Before the following Sunday, that Hon. Stunt and John Bair, were the lawyers who defended Baker, and that Joseph A. Kelting was the counsel for the Government on the trial; that Lewis Bronson, Wm. Stevens, Allen Russell, George Catlin, John Claver, Chas. Williams, Chas. Price, Jeremiah Hatch, John Mangum, Warren Snow, Wm. Holden and Charles Cox, were the jurors who tried the case.
Again, Mr. LITTLE asserts that the murder of Col. Babbitt, on the Plains, last Fall, is a fancy. Mr. Editor, I wish it was so; that Col. Babbitt was a bad man, and a murderer, no man will deny, neither did I expect Mr. LITTLE and his numerous licensed coadjutors in crime to acknowledge that they had murdered Babbitt and Sutherland, while on the way to the "peaceful valleys of the mountains," but Sir, it is the base, and cruel act, the manner in which it was done, of which I complain. If Babbitt was worthy of death, let him be tried by a constitutional jury of his country, and not by a self-constituted court, known as the Melchizedek Priesthood, or higher law of a Church whose code is stained with the blood of countless scores. Babbitt had been in and out of the Church, as occasion seemed to require, for nearly twenty years, and at times, when under the influence of liquor, told many solemn truths on the subject and design of Mormonism, among which were the secret oath administered to the male members of the Church when taking their endowment degrees, all of which are pregnant with treasonable designs; and for this overt act the poor unfortunate fellow lost his life, in strict obedience to the absolute law of the Church all of which Mr. LITTLE well knew.
In connection with this communication I send you an affidavit made by Hiram A. Watson, now a resident of the city of Chicago, and a gentleman who enjoys the confidence of all who know him (save the Mormons); and

THE TORN POCKET.

"My dear," said Mr. Huston to his young wife, as he rose from his breakfast table, "I wish you would mend my overcoat pocket. The day is pleasant, so that I can leave the coat off without inconvenience."
"Very well, my love," was the reply, and a moment after the front door closed on the husband, who departed to the store, where he filled the place of a responsible clerk.
Mrs. Huston rose to attend to her domestic affairs, and in so doing soon forgot the torn coat pocket. About noon she had finished her work, and having a spare hour before dinner, sat down and took up a late novel. In this way she continued to overlook the torn pocket until the meal was over, and her husband had again left the house, when going to look for the overcoat, she found that Mr. Huston had put on the weather having grown colder.
"Oh, well, it will do to-night," said the wife. "I suppose he will scold when he finds I forgot it; but it can't be helped now."
The truth was, Mrs. Huston was called a good, easy woman; that is, she never intentionally harmed any one, but was only thoughtless and forgetful; her sins were those of omission. So she found no difficulty in dismissing all uncomfortable thoughts concerning the torn pocket, and resuming her novel, was soon deep in the miseries of the heroine.
About dusk there came a violent ring at the bell. It was a magnetic ring, as it were, and expressed anger or great tribulation, if not both. It made the somewhat nervous Mrs. Huston start with a little shriek. She stopped reading, and listened. Directly the servant opened the door, and the step of her husband was heard, but heavier and quicker than usual. Her heart unaccountably began to beat faster. "Oh dear," she cried to herself, "what can be the matter?"
She was not long left in doubt. Her husband came at once in the sitting-room, emotions of rage and suffering alternating perceptibly in his face. Frightened at demeanor so unusual, the wife looked up, her lips parted in terror, and unable even to welcome him as usual.
"See what you have done!" cried Mr. Huston, passionately taking off his overcoat, turning the torn pocket inside out, and throwing the garment into his hearer's lap; "you have ruined me with your negligence!"
"What, what have I done?" gasped his wife at last, as he sternly regarded her. "Has anything happened?"
"Anything happened! Didn't I tell you I was ruined? I've lost five hundred dollars, and been discharged because I lost it; and all because you didn't mend my pocket. Nor is it the first time as you know that you have neglected to do what you ought. You are always forgetting. I often told you, you would rue it some day."
"But how did it happen? Can nothing be done?" timidly said the wife, after a while.
"How did it happen? In the most natural way possible. I had a note to pay for the firm, and as the bank lay in this part of the town, I brought the money up to dinner, and, on going out, put it into my overcoat pocket, supposing you had mended there. When I reached the bank the money was gone. It was then nearly three o'clock. Almost frantic, I came back to within a few steps of the door, hoping to find the money on the pavement. It was madness, as I might have known; but I looked again and again, and everywhere I looked, I found it was gone. I went back to the store. But the news had preceded me. The notary had already been there to protest the note, and my employers would not hear a word of excuse. I was discharged on the spot."
As he ceased speaking he threw himself on a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. His discharge was, indeed, a terrible blow. Without fortune, or anything but his character to depend on, he saw, in his loss of place, and the consequent refusal of his employers to recommend him, a future full of disasters. And all for what? All because his wife could not remember the simplest duty.
"No wonder, in this hour of trouble that he turned away from her, and buried his face in his hands. No wonder he felt angrily toward her, the author of this evil."
For a while Mrs. Huston knew not what to do. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she feared to approach her husband. "He will drive me away," she said to herself. "But I have deserved it all, I have deserved it all."
At last she ventured to approach him, and at last he was induced to listen. With many tears she promised never to be negligent again, "Which she would never forget."
Nor has she forgotten it. Years have passed, and the Hustons are now comparatively well off, for after a while Mr. Huston obtained another situation, and finally became a partner in the house.
But to this day, when the wife sees either of her daughters negligent, she chides the offender to her, and tells, as a warning, the story of the torn pocket.

as Mr. Watson has been a minister of this Church, and was honest enough to leave it after losing several thousand dollars worth of property, I fancy that his statements will be taken for far more real worth than the man who is still in the midst of the Church, who is still the plant, willing and obedient tool of the Church, whose duty it is not only to say openly that the charges against the Mormons are untrue, but if it is his duty, to go into Court and swear that they are false and untrue, which he would assuredly do.
But Sir, why is it that all the sharp-pointed under both Fillmore and Pierce's Administration so nicely agree as to the disloyalty of the Mormons, and their open and secret rebellion to the laws and instructions of the country? Does not the universal language of all the men agreeing this state of facts? Certainly, no man will have the presumption or ignorance to take any other view of the subject. Then you must conclude that these men tell the simple truth as far as they go, or that they have all joined together as enemies to the truth.
Tear up the graves of a Slaver, a Harris, and of Babbitt, call together all the judges, secretaries and Indian agents, who have not been under the baneful influence of Mormonism, and in one universal tongue will reiterate the same state of stubborn facts which constitute now a record that will yet agitate this happy country from centre to circumference. The American people, the Americans, are kind and benevolent to a fault; hence, Sir, those arch-traitors are relying on that benevolence; and while the parent Government deals with this Territory as a rule child, in lost kindness every effort is being made to bring into that Territory a class of ignorant aliens from foreign countries to build up an independent republic in the midst of the most beautiful republican form of Government that civilization man ever beheld, and after ages will yet point to America as a stench in the nostrils of all refined and civilized countries, unless a firm and speedy step is taken to suppress that spirit of organized hostility to our common country; and I for one, confess that I have but little hope of seeing this question fairly and promptly met by this Administration; but will be met in the pulp and on the rostrum, by politicians in after years, as a stepping stone to political preferment, which should certainly be avoided, but will it?
Judge Taney's Negro Convert--The Dead South Decision Applied.
Slamming the last door of the first car and opening that of the second, the "gentlemanly conductor" of the New York train made his appearance with his bow and smile, and "Tickets, gentlemen, please!"
Seated in the front corner, surrounded by his personal attendants, such as a carpet-bag, umbrella, big bundle little bundle, a few apples and pieces of cake, was a colored lady, whose face the hue of an inverted saucy--contrasting with her snow-white ivory and eye-balls, gave that pleasing African expression which is so often the type of humor and good nature.
"Ticket, ma'am," says our conductor, with a civility regardless of complexion.
"I haven't got 'em," she replied, "but I've got money any way," and she began to fumble in her bag, then in the bundles, searching these articles through in vain.
"Well, you're up!" exclaimed her now slightly impatient friend; "I can't wait all day."
"Bress yer soul, yer don't think I find everything in a minute; but I've got money somewhere--must be in this pocket, accordingly for the key."
"Well, well, I'll pass through and when I get back perhaps you will have your ready."
"Yes, sarlin," said Dinah, but as she passed along she reached out her umbrella, and giving him a poke upon the shoulder, asked, "What you gonna charge on freight?"
"Freight what do you want to know that for?"
"Cause I does, I see civil, ain't it? all 'f five cents a foot there don't bother me no more, but find your money; and he went his way."
There seemed to be a peculiar drollery about the lady's eye and mouth, as the one rolled round in its black sea of flesh, and the other opened to give vent to an involuntary "yah! yah!" It was not long now before she found her purse, and with a draw some coin, which she kept jingling in her hands, as she kept up her occasional exclamations.
In due time the conductor returned for his money, and upon extending his itching palm, was somewhat astonished at receiving the precise sum of ten cents.
"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.
"The fare to New York is five dollars."
"Yes, yes, I know dat, for white folks--folks what am folks--but 'f you poor body as don't work for ways, five cents a foot--yah dey!" said she, extending two enormous audacious fingers for the inspections of the conductor and us all.
The nonplussed functionary stood undetermined for a moment among the shouts of the passengers, until an idea of compromise occurred to him, as he exclaimed, "Well, if you are freight take yourself off into the baggage car." But even then Dinah was too much for him, as she replied, "Jus you pick up yer freight if you want to car am off!"
This settled the point. The conductor vanished, and Dinah offered a pious ejaculation.
"Lord bless dat ar prenie court, and gin 'em credit for five dollar bill, any way!"--(Boston Journal.)